CONDENSED CLASSICS

LORNA DOONE

By R. D. BLACKMORE

Condensation by Katherine R. Markward, Allston, Mass.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore was born at Longworth, Berkshire, England, June 7, 1825. He was educated at Blundell's school, Tiverton, and at Exeter college, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship. His first publication was a volume of poems which showed no particular promise, nor did a later volume; but he was, nevertheless, ambitious to succeed, and enthusiastic in his pursuit of literature. A complete breakdown in health rendered it necessary for him to leave city life in London, and he determined to combine a literary life in the country with a business career as a market-gardener.

He settled down in Teddington, and set earnestly to work. Several publications followed, the first novel being "Clara Vaughan," the merits of which were promptly recognized. But it was in 1869 that he suddenly sprang into fame with "Lorna Doone." This story was one of the first in the revival of the romantic novel, and appearing, as it did, at a time when the reading public was waiting and ready for a work of this type, it was a great success, and pronounced a novel of "singular charm, vigor and imagination."

Though Blackmore wrote many other stories, none has reached the popular heart like "Lorna Doone"; and he will be remembered chiefly as the author of this charming story, which is a classic of the west country. Many pilgrimages are made annually to the Doone valley, although the actual characteristics of the scene of the story differ greatly from the descriptions inspired by the lively imagination of the author.

"Lorna Doone" is a truly outdoor story; at times it is very dramatic and picturesque and threaded with adventure.

Blackmore kept to his quiet country life to the last, and passed away at Teddington on Jan. 20, 1900.

IN EXMOOR in the county of Somerset, in the year of grace 1661, dwelt the outlawed Doones, who, huge and brutal, defied king and common, committed brazen robberies with impunity, and took refuge after every outrage in the well-nigh impregnable Glen Doone. On the nearby farm of Plover's Barrows dwelt John Ridd, a great limbed lad who had been summoned home from boarding school in his teens to learn that his father, a wealthy farmer, had been slain in a night raid by the Doones. John, blunt and honest, was kind to his mother and his two sisters, did his share of the farm work, and, as he grew to manhood, learned to ride a horse and shoot a blunderbuss with unfailing skill.

One day, while yet a boy, his fishing excursions in Bagworthy water led him to discover an entrance to Glen Doone, so secret, so remote that the robber band stationed no guard there, never dreaming that living soul would discover it. Following a little cascade, John emerged at last into a dell blooming with primroses and beheld with amazement a beautiful child of eight with hair like a black shower and eyes full of pity and wonder. Her name (pretty, like herself) was Lorna Doone and John often had her in his thoughts through the six years which followed. He was twenty then and Lorna fourteen, and already John Ridd knew that he loved her, that fate had decreed it so and that all the world was naught when weighed against this girl.

To be found in Doone valley spelled death for any man, but the thought of Lorna "light and white, nimble, smooth and elegant," filled John with yearning and lured him to the hazard. Again and again he sought the maid in the primrose bower above the cascade and then one afternoon in the splendor of an April sunset John once more threw down the gauntlet which love ever casts at danger. To Lorna's tremulous, "You are mad to come; they will kill you if they find you here," John smiled and thought her fairer than the primroses amid which she stood. She lived in constant fear, she confessed, for the gigantic and passionate Carver Doone openly paid her homage and glowered with jealous eyes at any man who durst cast a glance at her.

"I care naught for him or his jealousy," cried John Ridd. "I have loved you long, as child, as comely girl, and now as full grown maiden. I love you more than tongue can tell or heart can hold in silence." Lorna raised her glorious eyes and, flinging her arms about his neck, cried, with her heart on his, "Darling, I shall never be my own again. I am yours forever and forever." But before he went she was in tears. "How dare I dream of love? Something in my heart tells me it can never be."

That fear of his beloved's spurred John to penetrate into Glen Doone one night at the risk of his life for word of Lorna. Once a guard leveled his gun at him but went off cringing at the thought that after all so huge a form could be only that of Carver Doone.

It was a real danger which threatened Lorna, for old Sir Ensor Doone, head of the robber crew, lay dying and he alone had been her protector against the brutal Carver. [illegible] to play a desperate game and carry Lorna off would but incite the Doones to wreak revenge upon the country side with fire and sword. At times he swore to smoke out this nest of rascals, but the timid farmers, overawed by their savagery, would promise no support.

Meanwhile an unparalleled winter had set in. Day after day the snow fell steadily and, blown by the wind, almost smothered the low-eaved cottages. Desperate for some word of Lorna, John made his way on snowshoes into the very heart of Glen Doone, unobserved in that feathery fog. John found Lorna's hamlet, stifled her exclamations of surprise with kisses, and felt his heart swell with anger on learning that she and her maid, Gwenny Carfax, were kept in confinement and deprived of food by order of Carver Doone until 'Lorna should consent to be his wife. Not for naught was John Ridd a giant—and in love. Throwing discretion to the winds he carried Lorna and Gwenny away upon his sledge that very night to the warm refuge of his mother's fireside.

The Doones, though so openly set at defiance, bided their time. With spring the roads were open and one moonlight night, with an arrogance worthy of Carver, they attacked Plover's Barrows in force. John Ridd, nothing daunted, defended his fireside and loved ones with spirit, meeting the attackers squarely with a handful of men and putting them to speedy flight. A murderous attack by the Doones was bad business enough, but to John's honest soul a worse trouble followed.

His Lorna was discovered to be no true Doone, but the niece of the great Lord Dugal, kidnaped as a child. To London and the protection of her noble uncle she was summoned, her heart as well as her lover's torn by the separation. The thought that he might never again behold his Lorna plunged him into misery.

"After all," he asked himself, "who am I but a simple farmer, who dares lift his eyes to the niece of an earl?"

But this was no time for repining, for the ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth flamed out, catching John Ridd, innocent though he was, in its toils. But all came to a happy issue when John, summoned to London, frustrated the intended murder of Lord Dugal, captured the attackers, and turned them over for punishment to the terrible Lord Jeffreys. Events moved swiftly; his exploit made London ring, he was knighted by King James, and when the earl of Dugal died soon after, a well-directed bribe secured Jeffreys' permission to let Lorna, his ward in chancery, wed the redoubtable Sir John Ridd.

Back to Exmoor and Plover's Barrows went John Ridd, knight, to lead the farmers of the countryside who, infuriated by a new outrage committed by the Doones, took the law into their own hands and swept the robber stronghold clean with fire and sword. Only the scheming old "counsellor" and his son, the brutal Carver, escaped a bloody death.

Now at last the great day dawned for John and Lorna and they made their way to the little country church to be wed while all the neighboring farmers came to applaud the event. Scarcely were the sacred words of the service pronounced when a shot rang through the church and Lorna, her dark eyes drooping, her wedding gown stained with blood, sank into her husband's arms. John Ridd never forgot the agony of that moment and yet he seemed strangely calm. Only Carver Doone could have done this dastardly deed and as John dashed off in hot pursuit he swore that the world was too narrow a place to harbor him and his enemy another day. For Carver on his jaded horse there was no escape. His pistol missed fire, and at last in a narrow defile flanked by a wood and a stretch of bog the two men came to grips. They spoke little and that grim duel was fought with neither knife nor pistol but body to body as became two giants.

John felt a lower rib crack beneath Carvers' terrible embrace, but his iron hand ripped the muscles of his assailant's arm from the bone like an orange pulp and he flung him, crushed and bleeding, upon the ground. In an instant the black lips of the bog fastened upon Carver's huge limbs, swiftly, silently, and John Ridd had scarce time to get his own feet upon firm soil before his enemy was sucked down into those grim depths, his face distorted with agony, but his quivering lips uttering no sound.

Love's true course does not always run awry and both John and Lorna recovered, he to worship her and she to assure him through the serene years with eyes and lips all eloquent: "I love you, John Ridd."

Sumatra at a Standstill.

The rubber plantations and tobacco fields of Sumatra are of greatest importance in the island. In addition, Liberian coffee thrives under the protection of vast coco-palm groves. Ten-foot pepper vines climb thickly up the trunks of small trees, and dead forests of teakwood, planted in even rows, overhang and shade the road.

With rich alluvial soil, unfailing rainfall and tremendous natural resources, only the lack of labor and the deterrent influence of warring tribes has held Sumatra practically at a standstill.

Keeps Tabs on Those Who Move

People of Birmingham Cannot Escape Bills and Rent by Old Expedient.

MUST REPORT ALL TRANSFERS

Ordinance Requires Owners of Vans or Other Vehicles to Report All Moving to Police—Helpful to Authorities.

Birmingham, Ala.—Those who find it cheaper to move than to pay rent or meet other bills, are pretty well reformed in this city, or are in process of being weeded out in either case by means of an ordinance so devised that offenders cannot escape. The ordinance requires the owner of every transfer or other vehicle to report promptly all moving to the chief of police, and entries of the same are at once made in a book duly alphabeted and dated, and the book is always open for the inspection of any and everyone who may ask to see it.

Of course one who plans to turn delinquent will try to conceal his identity while in the act of moving, but the ordinance makers foresaw that impulse and attached penalties for false names or misleading reports, which fairly shut out that form of trickery. Altogether the ordinance has worked so well that Birmingham has been solicited by other cities for copies of the act and for the experiences under it which have made it a magic cure for bill-evasion. It is a fixture in Birmingham, for it has been in force since March of 1913.

Generally Helpful.

Its enactment came about in that year through the Retail Furniture Dealers' association. At the ensuing election it had an able enforcer in Commissioner of Public Safety Arbie Barber, who thoroughly believed in it and kept everybody concerned up to the scratch. He found that some of the colored laundresses had a fashion of suddenly changing their addresses when well stocked with the linen of their clients; that in some districts overdue gas bills gave sufficient cause for families to vacate quarters, and delinquents for rent and for tradesmen's accounts were common in all districts. The telephone company had occasion to compliment the commissioner on the accuracy and completeness of the records in the book of the chief of police, for in one case the company escaped damages for non-delivery of a message, in a suit in which the person addressed had moved, but claimed to be living in his old home at the time of the message. His claim was thrown out of court by the evidence of the chief's records. Furniture dealers who had been behind the original enactment soon found their troubles eased by it, and finally they were almost without bad bills.

Police Are Benefited.

In time the detective department of the city benefited by the ordinance, for it enabled them to locate undesirables, bootleggers, bond-skippers and the kind of women who scattered themselves over the city after the abolishment of the old red-light district.

Once there was a concerted attempt by the transfer warehousemen to undo the ordinance. They obtained a restraining injunction against its enforcement, and went into court on the issue of constitutionality. The Supreme court ruled that it was both constitutional and reasonable. Minor changes were made in it, not interfering at all with its efficiency, and it is here to stay, with the approval of every reputable interest.

Veteran Served Sentence of Man Who Saved His Life

Because his "buddy" saved his life in France, Harry W. Haley, known as general prisoner No. 22102, assumed his name, and is serving a six months' sentence in the United States disciplinary barracks, Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for desertion, alleged to have been committed by his friend.

Laughed at Undertaker.

Martins Ferry, O.—Mrs. John Bobe entered the room where her husband lay ill. Believing him to be dead, she telephoned an undertaker and someone gave his obituary to a newspaper. When the undertaker arrived he was greeted with a laugh from the supposed corpse, who was sitting up talking to friends.

May Use Magnet to Raise Ships

Submarine Invention Passes Salvage Test of the British Admiralty.

LIFTS 16 TONS OF METAL

Believed That Much of Steel and Metals Lost Through Operations of German Submarines May Be Recovered.

London.—Fishing with submarine magnets for allied ships which strew the bottom of the North sea and the English channel may be attempted on a large scale in the near future if an invention recently placed at the disposal of the British admiralty proves to be practicable in deep-sea salvage operations. It is believed that the device may recover much of the loss in steel and metals caused by the submarines. It is also probable that it may, to some extent, replace the deep-sea diver.

The "submarine electro-magnet" is octagonal in shape, three feet in width between the opposite sides, two and a half inches in depth, weighs seven hundredweight, and is strong enough to lift 16 tons of metal. In salvage work three magnets will be employed simultaneously, in order to get a good hold on the larger sections of armor plate.

Gigantic searchlights will first be turned on the wreck, and after the vessel has been blown to pieces by explosives the magnets will go down to search for anchors, chain cables and pieces of metal. The power will be sufficient to raise all fragments of metal, even though they be encased in wood.

The mechanical diver's possibilities were demonstrated recently at an exhibition at the Albert docks, Silvertown, attended by representatives of the British admiralty, the Port of London authority and the salvage and shipbuilding companies. Into 36 feet of water were thrown several steel girders weighing two tons, some gas cylinders, castings, a section of railway switch and other metallic objects.

Brought Up Girders.

Swung by a crane, the magnet dived and, to the amazement of the witnesses, came up with the steel girders glued to its under side. The operation was repeated until the last piece of metal had been raised.

At one stage of the demonstration there was lively competition between a human diver and the diving magnet. The steel railway switch, owing to its peculiar shape, could not be located until a diver had gone down and placed the magnet in contact with the rails.

"The magnet is not intended to supplant divers," said Mr. Neale, head of the Neale Magnet Construction company, in charge of the development of the invention. "It will be of value chiefly in cases of wrecks in deep water, or silted up, where divers cannot go.

"It will also be used for loading and unloading vessels, discharging metallic ores, lifting machinery and loading steel sections from rolling mills. A current of 16 amperes, at a pressure of 220 volts, supplies the power."

Paper From Eucalyptus.

Perth.—Good paper can be made from the common eucalyptus, experiments in that effect having been made in West Australia. Various state governments and private interests have contributed upward of $100,000 for the erection of plants and the installation of machinery for further investigation into the matter.

Coal has been found valueless in the best porcelain furnaces, the fumes discoloring the ware.

They Got Mr. Lloyd George's Number

Underwood & Underwood

These two women really got Premier Lloyd George's number. It was K-2252, and he gave it, as required by law, while on his way to vote in Caxton hall during the recent abbey election.

FRANCE IS FAST COMING BACK

Country Making Rapid Recovery From Ruins of War.

Houses Arise From the Ground and Fields Covered With Promising Crops—Population of Devasted Area Optimistic.

Paris.—An impressive picture of the extent of France's achievement in restoring her war-ravaged regions is afforded by M. Loucheur, the minister of liberated regions, in a public statement entitled "The Revival of France."

Official statistics of the destruction caused by the war and the reconstruction accomplished up to May 1, 1921, the minister states, show that "the France of today is the same as France of yesterday, and that in peace as in war she continues to work with steadfastness, courage and confidence."

After showing that 5,154,000 of the 68,400,000 Frenchmen from 19 to 50 years of age mobilized during the war were killed or wounded, the statement presents the following statistics of civic reconstruction.

Inhabitants—Deported because of the war, 2,500,278; returned to France, 1,975,798.

Municipalities—Abandoned, 3,256; re-established, 3,216.

Schools—Before the war, 7,271; re-established, 6,830.

Houses—Destroyed, 789,000; rebuilt, 10,213; repaired, 326,700.

Land—Devastated, 8,240,000 acres; cleared from projectiles, wire entanglements and trenches, 6,881,000 acres.

Agriculture—Farm land devastated, 4,571,000 acres; farms now cultivated, 3,420,000 acres.

Live Stock—Horses and mules carried away, 367,000; restored, 96,308; oxen carried away, 530,000; restored, 120,263; sheep and goats carried away, 469,000; restored, 121,164.

Roads—Destroyed, 32,960 miles; temporarily repaired, 18,825 miles; definitely repaired, 8,426.

Factories (each having at least twenty employees, 1914), 5,297; destroyed, 4,700; resumed operation, 3,645.

"France took up arms only in self-defense, endeavoring at the same time to maintain justice and liberty for the world," said M. Loucheur. "For nearly five years her richest provinces have endured continual martyrdom. And yet by her own means the ruins are reviving, houses arise from the ground, fields are covered with promising crops. The populations of the devastated areas believe that they can rely on the spirit of solidarity of all those who have measured the magnitude of their sacrifice and understood their unquestionable right to the fullest reparations."

Find Buried Treasure.

Berlin.—Twenty million marks' worth of gold and silver, which is believed to have been hidden by Germany's legendary "Capt. Kidd"—Claus Stoertebecker—has just been dug up near the North sea coast, said a Hamburg dispatch to the Neue Berliner Zeitung.

YOUTHFUL DREAM

By MILDRED WHITE.

Barrie, in college days had been an athlete, and fond of the great out of doors. Resting beneath a spreading tree, with arms clasped idly above his head, he had dreamed dreams of an adventurous future with some congenial "nut-brown maid" by his side. Instead, Barrie had fallen early in love, and sacrificed his dream to necessity.

It was his adverse fortune, to love, and marry a white flower of a girl, who, unlike the hardy brown-tanned maid of fancy, exacted tender care and the support due the clinging vine. Barrie tried not to love Lillian; stubbornly he had fought against her charms, all to surrender the more eagerly at last. And Lillian proved a good wife, faithful to the details of his home keeping, sweet natured always, and lenient to his whims.

When Barrie, irritably insistant, grumbled at the confines of city life, Lillian, unmoved, packed his bag and cheerfully bade him good-by, as he hurried woodward on some lonely vacation. Sometimes it seemed he was really hurrying away from Lillian. Her dainty perfections wearied him. But after dogged days of freedom, tramping unfamiliar country or fishing in wild and isolated places, Barrie was sure to come, shamefacedly and humbly, back to Lillian's welcoming hospitality. Her smile would be as sweet when he returned as it had been on his departure. And this satisfied imperturbation of her's brought to him merely impatience. Mallory came back to the office one day with enthusiastic tales of a month spent out West.

"Give me your route, Mallory," he said brusquely, and the next day found Barrie on his way to the lonely places.

The office could manage well at this time, he said, without him. When he was on his way, Lillian called Mallory to ascertain any possibility of danger in Barrie's outing. To her Mallory enthused on life in the open, as he had to her husband. When Lillian turned from the telephone the wondering light in her eyes gave place to understanding. Barre's first weeks on the ranch found him joyously content.

"This is something like it," he told Dan of the ranch, "this morning's ride was like a tonic."

Big Dan smiled.

"You take it a'one tomorrow," he said. "I'm going over early to Hastings. At Hastings—" Dan's smile changed to a serious laugh—"there's a new girl. Not any like her in this part, so we all go over to see her.

"She makes the kind of flap-jacks for the boys your mother used to make—and she lets us crowd into her cabin and eat 'em. Somebody's named her 'Prairie Flower,' out of a book he'd read; but say! that girl can ride! Goes flying on her white horse like a streak. She's as brown and red tanned as an autumn leaf, and she wears a red cap on her head—hair that's crinkly and brown, too, like a leaf, and when Prairie Flower laughs—say, it's like a lot of birds singing in the morning."

Barrie grinned.

"Dan!" he exclaimed, "you are in love."

"We all are," Dan answered.

"Dan," Barrie exclaimed, decidedly, "I am going with you tomorrow morning to Hastings. Not that I've any foolish notion concerning this ranch girl, but I do want—to taste some old-home-week flap jacks."

Barrie scarcely knew, himself, what impulse moved him, but he was guiltily aware as the two rode out in the morning light together of a longing memory, persistently buried, of the nut-brown maid of youthful dreams.

It was, perhaps, by contrast that Lillian seemed almost wearisome in her perfect sameness. The boys were evidently stopping for their morning call at the picturesque cabin.

"She's got up early, I guess," a disappointed caller explained, "to ride over to Blue Ridge. She does that sometimes, with her big bulldog. Nothing can't hurt her with that beast around."

Satisfaction was in the gruff tone. Barrie realized now how protectingly the Prairie Flower was regarded by her rough companions. Determinedly Barrie cantered toward Blue Ridge.

"If she don't want anyone along, why do you go and disturb her?" Dan complained.

But something hanging in the cabin had caught Barrie's eye. An amazingly familiar something—a blue and gold embroidered apron that Lillian, across their own living room table, had spent many evenings working upon. Surely there could be no other apron so ingeniously original, for he, himself, had whimsically drawn this design on the blue linen. Instinctively and illuminatingly, the truth came to him. Lillian, in her faithful love, had followed to be near, in his isolation, and yet not to trespass. Lillian, growing and molding herself into an understanding of his old, longing dream. He opened his arms as she slipped from her white horse to run to him. Browned, yes, but starry-eyed and radiant.

"We will come here," she whispered after a time of silence, "whenever the longing seizes you, Barrie."

And Barrie's smile was a lover's smile, as he called her his "nut-brown maid."